Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued).

"Who are you to stand in our way?" he demanded in a thick voice with the frenzy of terror. "Stand aside! We're not going to be huddled up down here!"

"Yes, stand aside!" said one of two others, advancing threateningly.

Gaunt saw that it was necessary to make an example, and he promptly knocked the first speaker down.

"Please understand," he said, "that not one of us will leave the saloon until we have the captain's permission."

The man picked himself up, and the rest fell back a pace. Gaunt's calmness and firmness were making them ashamed of themelves.

Gaunt deliberately shot the bolt in the door, and leaned against it.

"Look to the ladies!" he said to the men. "The trouble may be over in a few minutes. We have a good captain and a good crew, and we can rely upon them to do their utmost for us."

His quiet words, his perfect self-possession, had their due effect upon the women. They ceased shrieking and screaming, but huddled together, crying and moaning in a subdued fashion.

Gaunt went on talking, doing his best to reassure them.

Presently little Maude ran from among the women and came to his side, and stole her hand into his.

"I'm not afraid!" she said. "Least, I am afraid, but I won't cry, Lord Gaunt."

He put his hand upon her head.

"That's right, Maude, dear," he said. "There's not much use in crying, is there? And it's very likely that we shall all be laughing again presently."

The vessel still rocked in the same curious way, and the peculiar motion told Gaunt what had happened.

The "Pevensey Castle" had drifted on to a rock or a sand bank, and was swaying to and fro on a pivot as the seas struck her.

Ages seemed to pass while he stood there, holding the crowd by the power of his eye and voice; but presently he heard the captain's step on the stairs, and he opened the door and admitted him. The captain took in the situation at a glance.

"Thank you, my lord," he said, calmly and quietly, as if he were thanking Gaunt for passing the salt. Then he looked round. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we've struck on a sand bank." He held up his hand as a cry of terror arose. "There's no need to be alarmed. There's no need for a single soul to come to harm. I always think it best to tell the truth, and the whole truth; and here it is. We're off the coast of Mogador, and not very far from the harbor. The boats are ready, and I'll have you all put ashore as comfortably as possible; that is, if you obey orders. Now, you will please come on deck a dozen at a time; a dozen and no more. Lord Gaunt will be kind enough to point out each lot and see that the order is carried out. May I trouble you so far, my lord?"

Gaunt nodded.

"Very good," said the captain, calmly. "Then I can return to my place on deck."

He put a revolver in Gaunt's hand and went up again.

The crowd watched Gaunt with eager eyes, and almost seemed to cease breathing as he pointed out the first dozen—nine women and three men.

"The men will take charge of the ladies," he said, "and help them into the boat."

If any of the men had felt inclined to disobey him, his complete self-possession, and perhaps the sight of the revolver in his hand, would have restrained them. The first dozen were marshaled out of the cabin to the deck. The others, waiting anxiously, could hear the mate giving orders and the sailors' "Ay, ay, sir," as the boat was launched.

The captain called out: "Next lot!" and a second dozen were dispatched. And so it went on until only ten remained. Gaunt had intended sending little Maude and her mother in one of the earlier batches, but the child had clung to him and begged to remain.

"Let mamma and me go with you," she said. "I know we shall be quite safe then."

As the turn of the last lot came, Gaunt picked up the child with his left arm, leaving his right free for the revolver, and led the way up on deck. The fog was still thick, but the ship was brilliantly lighted by the electric light, and Gaunt looked round upon a scene of admirable order. All the boats had gone save two, and they were ready to be launched at the word of command.

The captain and his officers stood as calmly, and spoke as quietly, as if nothing whatever was the matter; and the crew were carrying out their orders with cheerful alacrity. The last boat but one went off with its living freight; it consisted of a number of the crew as well as some of the passengers. Each boat, as it left the rocking ship, sent up a cheer which was returned by those remaining on deck.

"Now, my lord," said the captain, as the last boat was launched.

Gaunt helped the women into their places. He put Maude's mother in, and she held out her arms for the child.

"Good-bye, little one!" he said; and he kissed her.

She wound her arms round his neck and looked up at him imploringly.

"Oh, not 'good-bye!'" she said. "You're coming—you're coming! I won't go without you!"

"Presently, presently!" said Gaunt. He kissed her again, loosened her hold gently, and, as gently, placed her in her mother's arms.

There was only one place in the boat remaining. Gaunt looked up the gangway. Besides himself, there were only two men left on deck. One was the captain, and the other, to Gaunt's surprise, was Jackson. The young fellow was very pale, and his lips were apart, as if he were breathing hard.

"Now, gentlemen," said the captain, "one of you get in, please. The quicker you are away, the better."

Gaunt stood aside and motioned to him.

"You go, captain," he said.

"Thank you, my lord," said the captain, quietly. "I stand by the ship."

Gaunt went up the steps quickly, and laid his hand upon Jackson's shoulder.

"Off with you!" he said.

Jackson's face worked heavily.

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes," said Gaunt, as quietly as before. "I am going to stay with the captain."

"The ship will go to pieces before the morning," panted Jackson. "It's certain death to stick by her!"

He had been drinking heavily, and his eyes were bloodshot and staring, and the sweat stood out in huge drops on his forehead; but he was quite sober, and fully realized the peril and the chance of escape.

"All the more reason you should go," said Gaunt, quickly, but in a low voice.

Jackson still hesitated, and Gaunt, knowing the danger of delay, gripped him by the arm, and drew him down the gangway, and almost forced him into the boat.

"My God!" murmured Jackson, brokenly, and he let his head fall into his hands as he sunk into the seat.

The boat got clear, and as she moved away, the last cheer arose, and Gaunt and the captain responded to it and waved their caps. She was lost to sight in a minute, and the captain and Gaunt, after straining their eyes after her, turned instinctively and looked at each other. The captain held out his hand.

"You're a brave man, my lord!" he said, and for the first time there was a slight tremor in his voice.

Gaunt smiled as he shook the hand.

"One might finish up in a worse way than this, captain," he said. "I suppose there's not much chance for us?"

The captain shook his head.

"Not much, my lord," he said. "The wind's getting up; there's a hole in her bottom—don't you hear the water rushing in?—she'll heel over before long—" There was no need to finish the sentence. "It's a pity," he added, after a moment, "a pity! She was a fine vessel, and I'm fond and proud of her." Her voice broke slightly, and he moved away as if he did not like Gaunt to see his emotion.

Gaunt made his way with some difficulty to the bow, and leaning against the bulwark, looked into the fog. A strange feeling of peace and rest was stealing over him. As he had said, one might make a worse finish than this. It had been no great sacrifice on his part, the surender of the place in the boat to Jackson, for he had not the least desire to prolong a life which was now a burden to him. To such men as Gaunt, life is only precious while it holds the possibility of hope and love. He was sorry for the poor ship, sorry for the captain's grief, and still more sorry that so brave a man should perish; but for himself, he had no regret, no desire to escape the end.

Indeed, he did not think of himself, but of Decima. As he gazed into the fog, his memory and imagination were limning upon its gray surface the scenes in which he had acted with her. He recalled their first meeting at the Zoo; the day they had met by the stream; the many times they had been together at the Hall; the night of the ball, when he had held her in his arms; and lastly, the night of their parting, when he had told her of his love and she had whispered her confession of her love for him.

He could hear her voice, like weird music, infinitely sweet and infinitely sad, coming through the roar of the waves, the grating and grinding of the doomed ship; he could feel her kisses warm upon his lips; feel her arms about his neck, her heart beating against his.

He pictured her, the wife of another man, with a keener anguish than any fear of the approaching death could have aroused; but yet with no bitterness, for, as he thought of her, his lips moved in fervent prayer for her happiness.

"God bless you, my dearest, my dearest!" he murmured. "May my mad love never cast its shadow over your future happiness!"

The captain came up to him.

"She is filling fast!" he said. "She will go over presently."

Gaunt nodded.

"All right," he said.

The captain took out his pipe.

"Have you any tobacco?" he asked.

Gaunt handed him his pouch, then filled his own pipe.

They stood side by side, smoking in silence. Suddenly a big wave, which seemed mountains high, struck the side, the vessel heeled over, and Gaunt was thrown on his back. When he looked up, half blinded by the spray, he could not see the captain. The brave man had gone.

Another wave smote the vessel, and Gaunt felt himself swept against the deckhouse so violently that he was half stunned by the contact. A spar from the rigging lay across his chest, and instinctively he clasped it. He lay thus, for it was impossible to stand, for some minutes; then there came another wave, and, still grasping the spar, he was swept overboard.

How long he retained consciousness after he had been dashed into the sea, he could not be told. To swim was impossible; the groundswell was too violent. Mechanically he still clung to the spar. The tide was setting out to sea, and as he floated he saw that the fog was gradually lifting, and as he was borne on the top of a wave, he looked round for the vessel. She had disappeared.

Gaunt prayed for death at that moment, for this terrible solitude in the midst of the roaring waves was infinitely worse than death. Then his senses left him, and with "Decima!" upon his lips, he relaxed his hold on the spar.

* * * *

When he came to, he found, to his amazement, that he was lying in a comfortable berth in a luxurious cabin.

Two men were standing beside him. They exchanged a look, and nodded as Gaunt opened his eyes. Gaunt looked round and sighed. At that moment he was not particularly glad to come back to life.

"All right now?" said one of the men who was watching him. He was a young fellow with a peasant voice and a pleasant smile. He was dressed in yachting costume and was smoking a cigarette.

"Where am I?" asked Gaunt, with an effort.

"On board the 'Sea Wolf,'" replied the young fellow, "my yacht. We picked you up this morning. You've been wrecked, I suppose?"

Gaunt nodded.

"Better not let him talk yet awhile," broke in the second man.

"All right, doctor," assented the young fellow, cheerfully. "You go to sleep if you can," he said to Gaunt. "You'll be all right after a snooze. We'll leave you quiet."

Gaunt closed his eyes again and slept. When he awoke he found the young fellow standing beside him with a basin of broth.

"Get outside this," he said. "The doctor—he's a friend of mine and has come this trip with me—says you'll pull through all right."

"Thanks; I've no doubt I shall," said Gaunt, not very cheerfully. "May I ask to whom I am indebted?"

"Oh, that's all right," replied the young man. "My name's Dobson. I'm taking a cruise in this yacht of mine. We lost our reckoning in that fog—and it's lucky we did, or we shouldn't have come across you."

"I was a passenger on board the 'Pevensey Castle,'" said Gaunt. "She drifted on a sand bank." He spoke with difficulty, and Mr. Dobson had sense enough to stop him.

"All right," he said. "Tell us all about it when you're more fit. Try and go to sleep again. There's nothing like sleep for your case, so the doctor says. I've brought you some books and papers if you can't manage to doze."

He left the cabin, and Gaunt tried to sleep; but his head ached too much, and presently he took up one of the papers.

He turned it over mechanically, and was putting it down again, when his eye was caught by a heading in large type:

"The tragedy at Prince's Mansions. Verdict of willful murder against Lord Gaunt."

He read the account in a kind of stupor, and had the paper still in his hand when Mr. Dobson re-entered the cabin.

"How have you been getting on?" he inquired. "Been reading the paper? That's right."

"Yes," said Gaunt, quietly. "I have been reading the account of the murder at Prince's Mansions."

"Ah! terrible affair that!" cut in Dobson. "They haven't got that Lord Gaunt yet, more's the pity!"

"No," said Gaunt, raising himself on his elbow. "I am Lord Gaunt, Mr. Dobson. How soon can you take me back to England?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The news of the wreck of the "Pevensey Castle" did not reach London until some days after the end event; but when it did, it created a sensation only inferior to that which had been caused by the murder in Prince's Mansions.

The boats had reached the harbor of Mogador in safety, and the rescued passengers had given a full and touching account of the founding of the ill-fated vessel and the heroic conduct of the captain and Lord Gaunt. That they had both been drowned, no one seemed to entertain any doubt, and on the principle of speaking nothing but good of the dead, Lord Gaunt's crime was forgotten for the moment in admiration for his heroism.

The papers came out with the whole story, and leaders were written, dilating with editorial unction upon the dramatic aspect of the affair, and the poetical justice which had been dealt out to, as the writer called him, "this unfortunate nobleman." They all of them, however, failed to inform their readers what the captain had done to deserve death. But that was a mere matter of detail.

To Decima, lying white and wan in the darkened room, no tidings of the outside world were permitted to reach. She had recovered consciousness, but she lay 'twixt life and death, in that condition of mind and body which resembles stupor. All danger, however, was past; her youth and strength had fought the battle for her and won it, and, as the doctor said, it was only a question of time and careful nursing. For the latter Lady Pauline could be relied on, and gradually the vacant expression of Decima's eyes changed to one which, although it was sadder, displayed some faint interest in life.

On the day of the news of the loss of the "Pevensey Castle" and Lord Gaunt's death was running like wild-fire through the land, Decima turned to Lady Pauline, and said:

"I suppose I am not going to die, Aunt Pauline?"

Lady Pauline took the snow-white hand and patted it softly.

"I hope not, dear," she said. "No; you have been very ill, but you are quite out of danger now. I hope that in a few days I shall be able to take you down stairs. And then we will go to Walfield. You would like to go there, would you not?"

Decima thought for a moment, then she replied:

"I think I would rather go home. Father must miss me. And Bobby will be coming home, and—and it is more comfortable for him when I am there."

"We will see," said Lady Pauline, gently. "We will ask the doctor."

Decima was silent for a moment, then she turned her eyes away, and asked:

"Have you seen Mr. Mershon, aunt?"

"Yes," replied Lady Pauline. "I have seen him, and I have told him what you wished him to be told."

Decima breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Aunt Pauline. I—I am afraid he was very angry, was he not?"

"He was," said Lady Pauline, laconically. "But we will not talk of Mr. Mershon, dear. I trust that he has gone out of your life for henceforth."

"Oh, yes, yes!" she cried. "I—I could not marry him!" She shuddered. "He was very kind, and I—I am grateful to him; but I could not marry him."

She turned her head away and closed her eyes, and Lady Pauline, who thought she was asleep, looked sadly at the white face. How much longer could the story of the murder and Lord Gaunt's death be kept from Decima; and what would be the effect upon her? She must know sooner or later; the air was full of it, the newspaper boys were yelling it through the streets.

Later in the day Bobby came in. He was terribly upset, and scarcely master of himself.

(To be continued.)

WAS A CONFIRMED DYSPEPTIC

Now Finds It a Pleasure to Enjoy Meals

Here is a case which seemed as bad and as hopeless as yours can possibly be. This is the experience of Mr. H. J. Brown, 384 Bathurst St., Toronto, in his own words:

"Gentlemen—I have much pleasure in mentioning to you the benefits received from your Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and can cheerfully recommend them. I simply had confirmed dyspepsia with all its wretched symptoms, and tried about all the advertised cures with no success. You have in Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets the best curative agent I could find. It is now such a pleasure to enjoy meals with their consequent nourishment that I want to mention this for the benefit of others."

The fact that a lot of prescriptions or so-called "cures" have failed to help you is no sign that you have got to go on suffering. Try Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and see how quickly this sterling remedy will give you relief and start your stomach working properly. If it doesn't help you, you get your money back. 50c a box at your druggist's. Compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 141

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HIGHEST AWARD—ST. LOUIS, 1904.

A RECORD BLAZE.

Tawd Valley Coal Mine Burned for Twenty-six Years.

How would you like to work in a coal mine that is always on fire? The public cry out and ask what are the authorities doing every time a mine catches fire, and hundreds of miners go to their death without any warning, but very few know that many coal mines are always on fire, says Pearson's Weekly.

In 1872 the Tawd Valley mine, near Preston, England, caught fire, and for 26 years it burned. For over a quarter of a century black faced heroes faced it and worked beside it. Every day they fought the flames, but, though every known resource was tried, the fire was unconquered in the end—by man at least.

The story of the Tawd Valley fire is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable stories of fire fighting in existence.

When the coal seam was discovered to be blazing a wall of ten feet thick was built round it to cut off all the air supply, and thereby put it out. But the fire remained unsubdued. Steadily, day by day, it ate its way into the coal, burst through the walls built round it, was barricaded up again, and again burst htrough.

The colliery owners employed over 1,000 men in the pit. Among these 1,000 were a number of special fire fighters. It was their duty, before work began, to examine the brick walls containing the fire, test the temperature and look out for cracks through which the fire might break. If the walls showed the slightest sign of weakness they were immediately strengthened.

The mine owners were constantly trying new dodges to put the fire out, but just as constantly the flames would break through and light up the workings of the mine, until they were bricked up again. In 1897, twentyfive years after the fire had started, a wall 100 yards in thickness had been built round the fire—and it was still breaking through!

At the top of the colliery ran the river Tawd. One night, when the river was in flood, it burst its banks and overflowed into the mine. By an extraordinary piece of good fortune it happened when the day and night shifts were being changed. A few hours sooner, or a few hours later, and 500 men would have perished miserably.

The mine was nearly 1,500 feet deep. When the water met the fire there came a tremendous explosion, and machinery at the top of the pithead was blown 300 feet into the air. The fire was put out, but it involved the destruction of the mine.

BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME.

African Bushman's Experience with a Lion.

The little Bushman of South Africa is not only small in size, but to the European he appears feeble in mind. Yet there is the story of an encounter between a Bushman and a lion which shows a man cool in danger and fertile in resource.

The Bushman, who was a long way from home, met a lion. The animal, sure that he had his victim completely in his power, began to sport with him with a feline playfulness that the little Bushman failed to appreciate. The lion would appear at a point in the road, and leap back again into the jungle, to reappear a little farther on.

The Bushman did not lose his presence of mind, and presently hit upon a way to outwit his foe. Aware that the beast was ahead of him, the Bushman dodged into the jungle to the right, and quietly awaited the next move. When the lion discovered that the man had suddenly disappeared from the path, he was perplexed. He roared. Then he espied the Bushman peering at him over the grass.

The Bushman at once changed his position, while the lion stood irresolute in the path, following with his eye the moving black man. The little man rustled the reed, vanished, and appeared at another point.

The great brute was first confused, and then alarmed. It began to dawn on him that he was the hunted party. The Bushman did not let the lion collect his startled wits. He began to steal gradually toward the foe, who now, in a complete state of doubt and fear, turned tail, and ran ignominiously from the field.

Lord Derby.

May be Premier of Great Britain.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Success is the mother of imitation.

Smart men may be fools for a purpose.

Bread is the staff of life and flattery is the butter.

And lots of people do not work as much as they wait.

Many a man pats himself on the back who isn't a contortionist.

A good husband is an asset, but a worthless one is a liability.

It is never too late to blame the other fellow for your mistakes.

A woman will do a lot of cheeky things to improve her complexion.

Propose to a girl in a canoe and you'll have two chances of being thrown over.

Nearly all men are too lazy even to think for themselves. Thinking is hard work.

A woman always has faith in the judgment of any man who asks her to marry him.

Any girl can make a name for herself—if she can induce some man to face the parson with her.

The average man gets a lot of unnecessary abuse while he is alive and a lot of unnecessary praise after he is dead.

A married man's application for membership in a club may be an admission that marriage is a failure—so far as he is concerned.

If a homely girl has plenty of money it's an easy matter to meet a wise man who will try to convince her she is a prize beauty.

Getting Back.

Lawyer—Do you know what "conscientious scruples" means?

Witness—Yes, indeed!

Lawyer—Well, what does the phrase mean?

Witness—Well, my parents wanted me to be a lawyer, but I had scruples.

Teacher of Hygiene—"Why must we always be careful to keep our home clean and neat?" Little Girl—"Because company may walk in at any moment."

Give people what they think they want instead of what they really need and they'll go on their way rejoicing.

HOME

Favorite Recipes.

Black Pudding. — One-half cup molasses, one cup seeded raisins, one egg, one cup hot water, one teaspoon soda, pinch of salt, one cup flour. Steam one hour and serve with yellow sauce made of two eggs, one cup sugar, one teaspoon vanilla. Beat eggs light, add gradually the sugar and beat again, then add vanilla.

Individual Pumpkin Pies.—Three cups stewed and sieved pumpkin, two eggs, one and one-half cups brown sugar, one and one-half pints sweet milk, one level tablespoon flour, two teaspoons cinnamon, one teaspoon allspice. Line gem pans with rich pie crust, fill with above mixture and bake in moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.

Orange Cake.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one-half cup water, two teaspoons baking powder, the yolks of four eggs and whites of three, the juice and grated rind of one orange. Bake in two layers. Filling for cake: Beat the white of one egg stiff. Add the juice and grated rind of half an orange and stir in enough sugar to make thick as jelly. Spread upon top and between layers.

Raisin Cake.—One cup of sugar, one-half of butter, two cups of flour, three eggs. Use one whole egg and the yolks of two in the cake, saving the two whites for icing. One cup of raisins (cut) and one heaping teaspoon of soda in a cup of boiling water. Pour over raisins, cool, cream, butter, and sugar. Add beaten eggs, then flour and water with raisins. One teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg for flavoring.

Veal and Chicken Salad.—Take the white parts of roasted chicken and roasted veal cut in one-half inch pieces; take two cups of veal and one cup of chicken, one cup of celery cut in the same size pieces, teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon white pepper, one-half teaspoon onion. Salt ten stuffed chopped olives, one teaspoon olive oil; mix well in mixing bowl with one cup of mayonnaise salad dressing on platter covered with lettuce leaves and garnish with hard boiled eggs cut in slices.

Health Bread.—Two cups of table bran, one cup flour, one cup milk, two tablespoons dark molasses, one tablespoon lard or salad oil, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, one level teaspoon soda, and same of salt. Put the soda into the milk, which may be either sweet or sour; all of the other ingredients may be put into a bowl and well mixed, after which add the milk in which the soda was dissolved. Thoroughly blend all together with a spoon, then put into a well greased bread pan. Let stand twenty minutes then put into quite a hot oven for the first five minutes, then gradually turn off the heat and let bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

Golden Muffins.—This recipe is for a family of five and will make two dozen muffins, one dozen light biscuit, and three large loaves of bread. In a four quart jar pour two quarts of warm water, add thereto one large tablespoon each of butter and lard, one tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; mix thoroughly until butter and lard are dissolved, then add about eight large teacupfuls of sifted flour, or enough to make a stiff batter, and stir vigorously for one minute; then add three well beaten eggs to this and stir again. Lastly, one cake of yeast, which has first been dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of lukewarm water. Stir but little after eggs and yeast are in. Cover jar with a plate and place in a warm corner, free from drafts over night. In the morning grease a large pan and put in two dozen well greased muffin pans, drop a large tablespoonful of this batter in each ring. Do not stir the batter in the morning. After muffins are on the way, add six cups of flour to the batter and mix and knead it for fifteen minutes, then place dough in warm sheltered place to rise; when light enough, which probably will be in about two hours, make into light biscuit and three loaves of bread, and let rise again.

Angel Food Cake.—Put into a good sized mixing bowl the whites of ten large eggs and a generous pinch of salt. Take one and one-quarter cups of granulated sugar and sift five times, one cup of pastry flour sifted five times. The oven and bakepan should be ready and one level teaspoon of cream of tartar laid ready. Beat whites of eggs about one-half, sift in cream of tartar, then beat again until it will make dog's ears when you draw the beater up through it. Sift in sugar and on top of sugar put in the extract, so the alcohol will not come in direct contact with the whites of eggs. Boil the sugar in until batter is smooth and glossy, then carefully sift in the flour and fold in, remembering every stroke of the beater after the flour is in toughens it. It is best to have the eggs and dish cold. Putting the cream of tartar in the eggs makes it fine grained and tender. Never grease the tin. The oven must be moderate enough so the cake will raise before it begins to bake, then increase the heat and let it bake. If the cake bakes too quickly it will crack open in the middle. Bake forty or forty-five minutes, and when done take from oven and invert the pan until the cake is perfectly cold. If not sufficiently done the cake will sweat and fall, but if set on the bottom of the tin the weight of cake would make it settle.

Hints for the Home.

White paint can be kept in good condition if whiting is mixed to a stiff paste with warm water and used instead of soap. Rinse off with clear water and dry with a duster or leather.

Boot lace tags sometimes come off quite good laces. In this case they may be replaced with impromptu tags of sealing wax. Cut the tag, smear it over with sealing wax, then press it to a point while the wax is still warm.

If a lump of soda dissolved in a little hot water is added to the blue water on wash day it will prevent the blue from settling in the clothes and make them perfectly white. This is especially useful when the water is very hard.

Very frequently when separating the whites from the yolks of eggs the yolk becomes broken and falls into the white. Dip a cloth in warm water, wring it dry, and touch the yolk with a corner of it, and the yolk will adhere to the cloth and may easily be removed.

When boiling potatoes try putting a cloth over them before putting on the lid. They will take much less cooking and be much more mealy.

A good disinfectant for a sink is to put two tablespoonfuls of soda and a teaspoonful of ammonia in one gallon of boiling water. Pour this down the sink.

A new broom will last longer if the strands are tied together and put into a pail of boiling water and soaked for two hours. Dry thoroughly for two hours.

Marks that have been made on paint with matches may be removed by first rubbing the mark with lemon and washing it afterward with soap and water.

To prevent glassware from being easily broken, put in a kettle of cold water; heat gradually until the water has reached the boiling point. When cool take out glass.

To extract the juice from an onion, cut a slice from the root end of the onion, draw back the skin, press the onion on a coarse grater working with a rotary motion.

Borax is one of the best assistants to cleanliness. It should play a large part in every household. If sprinkled about the kitchen it will eliminate roaches and ants.

To give ordinary paint the effect of enamel, take a piece of silicate of potash the size of a walnut, crush it, and add to it one pound and a half of ordinary varnish paint. This will give a surface like enamel at one-third the cost.

To remove hot water marks from tables. Make a thin paste of salad oil and salt, cover the mark with this, and leave for one hour, then rub off with a soft duster.

To prevent inferior potatoes from appearing watery when cooked, scrub, then core the skin lightly, lengthways and across, all the way round. Boil in salted water. They will then be dry and floury.

When sweeping carpets with a pile, brush the way of the pile. This will lengthen the life of the carpet. Make short strokes and raise the broom as seldom as possible. Sweep towards the door.

If the flour is slightly warmed in the oven before being added to the other ingredients it makes a cake lighter.

Any Old Hero.

Betty—I shall not wed until I can marry a hero. Alice—Well, my dear, just show any man who proposes to you a schedule of your yearly expenses, and if he doesn't back out he's one.

A More Popular Lay.

The nightingale our ears would win,
The lark sings in the glen;
But there's more music these days in
The cackle of the hen.

Every mother thinks she has the dearest baby in the world. So does the father when the bills come in.

Yeast—"What made you say my wife has a prominent mouth if you never saw her?" Crimsonbeak—"Oh, I heard it."

"I'll give you something to eat if you'll chop wood for it," said the woman positively. "Yes, lady," replied Plodding Pete. "Only it will be cheaper to feed me in advance. Choppin' wood gives me a terrible appetite."

The sexton had been laying the new carpet on the pulpit platform, and had left a number of tacks scattered on the floor. "See here, James," said the parson, "what do you suppose would happen if I stepped on one of those tacks right in the middle of my sermon?" "Well, sir," replied the sexton, "I reckon there'd be one point you wouldn't linger on."

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